

## Editor and Proprietor

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**A Genuine Hoop Item**

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A few days since one of our excellentes was passing through Front street, escorted by a gallant, who, to her great annoyance, her train line began to exhibit as many croiches as she ever had in her life. Her dress would not move gracefully, or indeed at all. Some thing must be decidedly wrong and was. One of the gentlemanly hoops had broken, and being of metal, fettered her movements completely. She could not walk. Her gallant offered to do any thing. She declared he could do nothing.

The treacherous hoop, to her infinite horror, was coiling about one of her delicate limbs, just where an embroidered garter confined her silken hose. Closer and closer the wire wrapped itself, as if it were enured of what it touched. The lady could give up but trembling between shock and expectation stretched or tily-kidded hands imploringly.

Her gallant knight  
was no time to be  
would soon gather  
ones require deep  
He lifted the lovely  
in his arms, and placing her upon  
the stone step, proceeded as deliber-  
ately as possible to remove the  
hoon.

"What are you going to do?"  
 "Remove the hoop, if possible."  
 "Well."  
 "Well."  
 "Quick then."  
 "I begin!"  
 And the lavender colored gaiter  
 quite like Blanche Armory's, was  
 visible, and the deliciously turned  
 ankle, and the beautiful swell of  
 her faultless—stocking, and—  
 removed.  
 —the hoop was

Many roses bloomed, and died and bloomed again, as she went home upon the arm of her escort through the gay street and the golden sunshine, and of what both must have thought, there was a profound and solemn silence.

Miles —, it has been observed has not worn boots since that half fortunate and half unfortunate day [Cincinnati Gazette.

Pat was hungry, and got out of the cars for his refreshment. The cars went very thoughtfully on with- out him. Pat's ire was up. "Ye spalpeen!" he cried, starting on a run and shaking his fist as he flew after the train. "Stop, there ye old stinewag in, ye murtherin' stone ingine—ye've got a passenger on board that's left be- hind."

"You mustn't say your prayers to night, child," said a mother to her little girl of four years, who had been somewhat refractory for a time previous to putting her to bed. "Well," said the tiny, "if, when I die and go to heaven, God asks me why I didn't say my prayers to-night, I shall tell him you wouldn't let me!"

The wife of Montgomery Landt, living in Kinston, Greene county, Mo., not long since presented her husband with three boys at a birth, this being the third occurrence of the kind in three years.

A down-East editor advises readers if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis to go and steal fruit where his watch dog is on guard.

Mean Centre runs across the river St. Lawrence at Montreal a few days show, in fifty-five minutes. The

Distance is three miles.

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■ A show! One sold in Philadelphia, the other day, for \$6,400. In the same city, women make shirts for

The papers are braying of an inven-

tion by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the leather, like, however, tanned in five.

ter, was seen the other day trying to pry a piece of rope through the handle of the door of a messenger shop.

Two Chicago ladies went to a ball the other evening in a furniture wagon—no military carriage could contain the immense dresses they wore.

